# MISCELLANEOUS

# MAGAZINE.

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NO. VIII

FOR THE MISCELLANEOUS MAGAZINE.

# REMARKS ON CHARACTER.

A good name is better than precious ointment-Holy Writ.

It is to be regretted that so many men are altogether careless of their reputation—a gem which is far more precious than the most costly diamond. In our intercourse with the world, we almost daily come in contact with those unprincipled creatures, who, for the sake of a little filthy lucre, will take the advantage of a neighbour, friend or stranger, at the sacrifice of their honour—their reputation.

A good name to a virtuous man is more precious than ointment, and more valuable than the gold of Ophir. The good man guards his character as the apple of his eye.—With it he can glide more easily down the stream of time, but take it away, and his path becomes thorny and difficult. His confidence is gone and he feels like a wanderer or a shipwrecked mariner;—He becomes the object of unjust suspicion, and even his most virtuous deeds are construed into acts of sin.

Notwithstanding all this there are many persons who delight to rob the virtuous of this precious treasure.—Who glory in planting, unprovoked, a thorn in the side, or a dagger in the heart of a fellow-man. Who will stoop to the meanest artifice, use the lowest deception—and re-

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gardless of truth will invent and industriously circulate the most palpable falsehoods.—Slander has its origin in implacable malice, is cradled in the lap of envy, and nurtured by revenge! Destruction is its watch-word—Its only object is to spread the chilling blight of desolation—to sap the foundation of the good man's character and to glory in its ruin!

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There are men, I am sorry to say their number is not small, who make high sounding pretensions to what the world calls honour; who would seemingly blush and scorn to be thought dishonourable, yet nevertheless, they will greedily embrace every advantage that is afforded them by the unsuspecting credulity of friends and strangers. Some persons pursue this course of iniquity and are not But whether the eye of the law discerns their wicked deeds or not-whether they are arraigned at the tribunal of earthly justice and punished for violating the laws of the land or not—It is certain that the all-penetrating eye of Jehovah beholds all their deeds, that their every act is registered in those books which will be opened at the day of judgment—and in that awful day, their most secret sins, their complicated frauds, their numerous deviations from the path of real honour, will be proclaimed to congregated worlds, and then will follow that punishment their sins deserve—Eternal banishment from the presence of the Lord!

# SABBATH REFLECTIONS.

In these days, although there is much outward show of religion, the real christian cannot but lament the lack of that vital piety in the bosom of professors which closely unites man to God and renders his walk and conversation of use to the cause of the Redeemer. There is a coldness of manner in the devotions of some; and a laxity in the execution of the christian duties of others, which leads the world to judge that there is no reality in the doctrines which they profess. It is in vain that the great mass of mankind are told that such and such ones have been visited by divine grace and their souls delivered

from the thraldom of sin, so long as they cannot see a practical and efficient alteration in their conduct towards their fellow mortals, as well as in the outward form of devotion to their Creator. As the tree is judged by the fruit it produces, so the real principles of men are tested by the works which they perform. The man who adores and loves his Creator will also love his creatures. If the love of God pervades our hearts, we shall rejoice in fulfilling with meekness the commands he has enjoined. "Love one another," is a divine injunction; yet how often do we see those who profess to be the followers of the meek and lowly Jesus, engaged in broils and strife with their neighbours, on the most trivial concerns. Instead of being "peacemakers," they of themselves, but too often stir up contention, or witness with perfect indifference the contentions of others, when perhaps but a few words of admonition on their part would have restored harmony to the society of which they are members.

this an evidence of christianity?

The duties of the christian are multifarious. They and not with the close of the day particularly set apart and devoted to the worship of God: they are of that deep and expansive nature which embraces all times and all things; they partake of the attributes of Deity itself, and he who thinks he has discharged the important duties committed to his trust, by an occasional address to the Throne of Grace, falls far short of the mark and is unworthy of the holy name of Christian. The Apostle James has given a brief, but comprehensive view of the duties of the Christian. " pure religion before God and the Father, is this-to visit the fatherless and widows in their afflictions, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." This passage of Holy Writ, is one of the most full, as well as the most beautiful, descriptions of the characteristics of a christian, that is to be found in the sacred volume. The Apostle in the whole course of his Epistle, seems to have had in view that kind of pharisaical religion which in its devotional exercise paid more attention to the forms of rituals, than to the sincere penitence of those who implored

mercy for their transgressions, while its devotees, promted by the impulse of self righteousness, said with ostentation to the humble believer, "stand by, for I am more holy than thou." To root out this cold, this formal worship, this selfish principle, which has taken such strong hold of the hearts of professors in his day, seems to have been the most ardent desire of the holy expostu-This man who had felt the fire of God's love enkindle in his soul till it burst forth into a flame that consumed all his pride and vanity, together with their concomitant sins, knew the difference between that cold and formal religion which men profess from a fearful sense of duty to Gon, and that which emanates warm from the heart, and teaches us to love him for his attributes. him it availed nought, that a man went upon the house top to pray, or gave alms in the streets, if he was void of that effervescence of feeling which taught him to love all mankind as the children of one common parent and alike subject to a common bondage, from which none but God the Father, through his Son Jesus, could redeem He disclaimed that pomp and vain parade which induced its votaries to overlook the distresses those in the humble walks of life and directed their attention only to the afflictions of those who moved in a more brilliant sphere. With the zeal of a man of God, he remonstrated against the enormity of this crime, and with the fidelity of a Saint he practised on those precepts which he inculcated; precepts which assimilate man to his Maker, and finally prepare him for an eternal rest in "that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." A LAYMAN.

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#### A REFLECTION AT SEA-BY THOMAS MOORE.

SEE how beneath the moon-beam's smile,
You little billow heaves its breast,
And foams and sparkles for awhile,
And murmuring then retires to rest.
Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,
Rises on time's eventful sea,
And having swelled a moment there,
He melts into eternity.

## LEARNED AGES.

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IT has frequently been a subject of speculation to the curious, that many or most of the greatest geniuses have lived contemporary with each other. However singular the circumstances may appear, it certainly carries truth with it; and perhaps it is impossible to account for this phenomena. writers, who have speculated upon it have ascribed it to physical causes, such as the influence of climate, of air, or other less probable causes! Others have thought it might be from mere chance; and others, with more probability, to the patronage literature may have received in the different ages. But as these reasons differ so much from one another, the true cause cannot be united in all of them. Many learned men have flourished in republics, particularly in Athens, and in Rome when the form of its government was republican. no cause has ever yet been assigned that carries certainty with it; the problem still remains unsolved. If it be a fact, that genius is born with man, it cannot be attributed to physical causes. Climate may be an impediment to education; and indeed the merit of many celebrated men has been their perseverance in surmounting the greatest obstacles in the acquirements of their knowledge; namely, bodily and mental infirmity. But climate does not prevent the birth of any one. There must be some other cause than mere chance. The constitution of men are not alike; much less are their dispositions alike. The encouragement of literature and the advantages of cetemporary genius regulate the taste of every age. The desire for knowledge would soon subside if the influence of literature was not so obvious. "Learned men," says Dr. Blair, speaking of the learned ages, " have marked out four of these hap-The first is the Grecian age, which commenced near the time of the Peloponnesian war, and extended till the time of Alexander the Great: within which period we have Hero. dotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Demosthenes, Æschynes, Lysias, Isocrates, Pindar, Æschylus, Euripides, Sophocles, Aristophanes, Menander, Anacreon, Theocritus, Lysippas, Apelles, Phidias, Praxiteles. second is the Roman age, included nearly within the days of Julius Cæsar and Augustus: affording us Catullus, Lucretius, Terence, Virgil, Horace, Tibullus, Propertius, Ovid, Pædrus, Casar, Cicero, Livy, Sallust, Varro, and Vitruvius. third age is that of the restoration of learning under the Popes, Julius 2d and Leo 10th; when flourished Ariosto, Tasso, Saunagarius, Vida, Michiavel, Guiaciardini, Davila, Erasmus, Paul Jovius, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Titian. The fourth age comprehends that of Louis 14th, and Queen Anne; when flourished in France, Corneille, Racine, De Retz, Moliere, Boileau, Fontaine, Baptiste, Rousseau, Bossuet, Fenelon, Bourdaloue, Piscall, Malebranche, Masilon, Bruyere, Bayle, Foutennelle, Vestot; and in England, Dryden, Pope, Addison, Prior, Swift, Parnell, Congreve, Otway, Young, Rowe, Atterbury, Shaftsbury, Bolingbroke, Tillotson, Temple, Boyle, Locke, Newton, Clarke." And I think we may with propriety add a fifth age, beginning the latter part of the reign of George 2d and extending to the present time.—The improvements of every age has altered the turns of genius. The ancients excelled the moderns in their moral writings: but the superiority over them in philosophy and the arts, must be acknowledged to belong to the moderns.

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# THE OLD MAN'S FUNERAL.

I SAW an aged man upon his bier;
His hair was thin and white, and on his brow,
A record of the cares of many a year;
Cares, that were ended and forgotten now;
And there was sadness round, and faces bowed,

And there was sadness round, and faces bowed,
And woman's tear fell fast and children wailed aloud.
Then rose another hoary man and said,
In faultering accents to that weeping train,

Why mourn ye, that our aged friend is dead?

Ye are not sad to see the gathered grain,

Nor when their yellow fruit the orchards east;

Nor when the yellow woods shake down the ripen'd mast.

Ye sigh not when the sun, his course fulfilled,
His glorious course, rejoicing earth and sky,
in the soft evening, when the winds are stilled,
Sinks where his islands of refreshment lie,
And leaves the smile of his departure, spread
O'er the warm coloured heaven and ruddy mountain head?

Why weep ye then for him, who having run
The bound of man's appointed years, at last,
Life's blessings all enjoyed, life's labours done,
Serenely to his final rest has passed;
While the soft memory of his virtues, yet
Lingers like twilight hues, when the bright sun is set.

His youth was innocent; his riper age
Marked with some act of goodness, every day;
And watched by eyes that loved him, calm and sage,
Faded his late declining hours away.
Cheerful he gave his being up and went,
To share the holy rest that waits a life well spent.

That life was happy; every day he gave
Thanks for the fair existence that was his;
For a sick fancy made him not her slave,
To mock him with her phantom miseries.
No chronic tortures racked his aged limb,
For luxury and sloth had nourished none for him.

And I am glad, that he has lived thus long,
And glad that he has gone to his reward;
Nor deem, that kindly nature did him wrong,
Softly to disengage the vital cord.
When his weak hand grew palsied, and his eye
Dark with the mist of age—it was his time to die.

#### FOR THE MISCELLANEOUS MAGAZINE.

#### ESSAY ON FAITH-NO. VIII.

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"In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world. John 16. 33—Whosoever is born of God, overcometh the world, and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith. John 5. 4.—O death, where is thy sting? O grave where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law: But thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Cor. 15, 55, 56, 57.

Every one who is born of God, has the influence of his spirit abiding in them, and overcoming the evil principles and practices which are in the world, and in the human heart; and all the power through which we attain and retain the victory over the evil nature prevailing in the world, is of God, but we must receive of him, by a continual exercise of our faith. And it is as much the duty, as it is the privilege of every one, to receive Christ by faith as their Saviour; and by another degree of faith to receive power to become the children of God, and then again by a higher degree of faith, to receive power as they need it, to obey, and enjoy God. "As obedient children, not fashioning yourselves according to the former lusts in your ignorance; but as he who hath called you is holy, so be ye holy in all manner of conversation; be ye holy, for I am holy." Peter 1, 14, 15, 16.—" Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus, who being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God; but made-himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men: and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross." Phil. 2, 5, 6, 7, 8.

Thus we see, it is by faith we become, and must also by faith remain obedient children, without which we may again by our unbelief become ignorant, and fashion ourselves according to the former lusts, or "that which is of the world, and not of God, the desire of the flesh, the desire of the eye, and the pride of life." 1 John 2. 16.—And while we are exhorted to be holy, is it not as much our duty to receive by our faith the power to be holy, as it was our duty by faith to perceive that we were unholy? Therefore it is again urged on us as a duty, " let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus, who being in the form or brightness of the fathers glory: And altho' he might have come (as he will come to judgment,) in the glory of the Father, without robbing any thing from the God-head: yet he made himself of no reputation, he put off the form of God, and put on the form of a servant, and being found, or clothed in humanity, he humbled himself and became obedient unto death, (to which, having never sinned, he was not subject,) even the most ignominious death, (such as the vilest sinner deserved,) the death of the cross. Now if

we would let the mind of Christ dwell in us, it is our indispensable duty, first to be emptied of the carnal mind, of all idea of reputation, of selfish motives, principles and dispositions; before we can be filled with all the fulness of God." 3, 19.—We may become hypocrits, by putting on the outside only, and thereby seem to be religious; but we must first, " put off the old man with his deeds!" Col. 3, 9, before we can really, "put on the new man, which after God is created in righteouness and true holiness." Eph. 4, 24.

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How did Christ overcome the world, but by renouncing the human will, with all idea of human greatness; and submiting in the human nature, to do and suffer the divine will? So all who will first lay aside their own wills, by denying, renouncing and forsaking self, for the sake of Christ; and then letting the will of God rule in their hearts and lives; thus heartily doing and suffering the divine will, those may be said to conquer the And this victory of the divinity, over the humanity, is all attained and retained by our faith. Not only victory over the evils and miseries of life, but also over the fear of death the last enemy: after overcoming sin, or self, as the greatest of all enemies, then the monster death is so conquered, that he becomes our friend, and we can welcome him in triumph, exclaiming, "thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory (as certainly, and as constantly, as by faith we receive it,) through our Lord Jesus Christ." The victory over the world, with all its sins and miseries, and over death, with all its gloom and terror, is not achieved by any skill, or power of our own, it is as free for the weak, as for the strong; for it is simply given to every one of us who by faith receive it of God, in and through Jesus ('hrist.—Our unwavering faith continues to receive the victory which God continually gives; not exclusively, has given, or will give, but in the past, present and future tense, giveth us as we receive it. Then it is so much the duty of each rational being to receive that without receiving, we cannot possibly have, even the smallest gift of God; and he has made it our right, equally in duty and privilege simply to receive by faith. And shall we let the contradictory systems of men, altho' of the first order, rob us of our rights, of privilege and duty, by any insinuation whatever, that the rational mind cannot at all times believe God? When he declares, " he so loved the world of (fallen perishing souls) that he gave his only begotten son, (to taste death for them all) and that whosoever believeth in him, (so as to perceive and receive him and his salvation,) shall not perish, but have everlasting life." John 3, 16.

O ye doubting, despairing and perishing sinners, ye find the violation of the law, to be the strength of sin, and sin to be the sting of death to you, yet, 'be of good cheer, I have overcome,' says the victorious Saviour, and the victory is now ready for

you to receive, and while you have the high authority of God in promising and presenting his free gifts; you need not regard the sophistry of men, even of the highest authority, to the contrary. God (who cannot lie, and never has acted in the least degree deceitful) now condescends to wait on thee, with all the power needful; and says, " my grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness. 12. 9.—All-sufficient is the omnipotent grace of thy God and Saviour, to change thy deceitful and desperately wicked heart, and altho' thou art weakness itself, and hast so often been conquered by the weakest, and sometimes, by the most detestable of thine enemies, intemperance; yet, even for thee, there is an inexhaustible store of strength with omnipotence; would st thou have it in better hands? And does he not now say, my strength shall be made perfect in thy weakness? "Do ye now believe?" Then, "with God all things are possible, Mat. 19, 26-And, " all things are possible to him who believeth." Mark 9, 23 .- That All-mighty hand is always ready to deal out the power, as thy necessities require, and all thou hast to do is to live by faith, and when the critical moment arrives, without delay or doubt, or fear, look by faith as thou art able, and say, "Lord I believe, help thou mine unbelief." Mar. 9, 24. "Lord increase my faith." And by it, as thou canst reach out thy hand and receive a supply of strength, and if not yet sufficient, then again receive; and again; until his power is made perfect in thy weakness. And when thou hast by thy faith received the divine power, and prevailed over the human, and all the powers of darkness: then with all thy heart and voice, give all the glory to God, in exclamations like these, "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ." And, "blessed be God, the father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to his abundant mercy, hath begotten us again, unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you. Who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time." 1 Peter, 1, 3, 4, 5.

August, 1824.

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LUMEN.

[Concluded for the present.]

WELCOME—guiltless, bosom treasure,
Thou can'st hopeless cares destroy,
Seraph sweet, of human pleasure,
Ever welcome—smiling joy.

Tho misfortunes still descending, Would my earthly peace annoy, Let thy influence mildly blending, Banish sorrow—welcome joy.

Vor. I.

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## SINGULAR PROVIDENCE.

# THE TIGER AND ALLIGATOR.

An interesting anecdote, related by the Captain of the Davenport Guinea-man.

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The bosom of the ocean was extremely tranquil, and the heat, which was intolerable, had made us so languid, that almost a general wish overcame us, on the approach of evening, to bathe in the waters of Congo—however, myself and Johnson were deterred from it, from the apprehension of sharks, many of which we had observed in the progress of our voyage, and these enormously large. At length, Campbell alone, who had been making too free with his liquor case, was obstinately bent on going overboard-and although we used every means in our power to persuade him to the contrary, dashed into the watery element, and had swam some distance from the vessel, when we, on the deck, discovered an alligator making towards him from behind a rock that stood a short distance from the His escape I now considered impossible, his destrucshore. tion inevitable, and I applied to Johnson how we should act, who, like myself, affirmed the impossibility to save him, and instantly seized upon a loaded carbine, to shoot the poor fellow before he fell into the jaws of the monster. I did not however, consent to this, but waited with horror, the tragedy we anticipated—yet, willing to do all in my power, I ordered the boat to be hoisted, and we fired two shots at the approaching alligator, but without effect, for they glided over his scaly covering like hail stones on a tiled pent house, and the progress of the creature was by no means impeded. The report of the piece and the noise of the blacks from the sloop soon made Campbell acquainted with his danger—he saw the creature making for him, and with all the strength and skill he was master of, made for the shore. And now the moment arrived in which a scene was exhibited beyond the power of my humble pen perfectly to describe. On approaching within a very short distance of some cane and shrubs that covered the bank, while closely pursued by the alligator, a fierce and ferocious tiger sprung towards him, at the instant the jaws of his first enemy were extended to devour him. At this awful moment, Campbell was preserved. The eager tiger by overleaping him, encountered the gripe of the amphibious monster.—A conflict then ensued -the water was coloured with the blood of the tiger, whose efforts to tear the scaly covering of the alligator were unavailing, while the latter had also the advantage of keeping his adversary under water, by which the victory was presently obtained, for the tiger's death was now effected. They both sunk to the bottom, and we saw no more of the alligator. Campbell was recovered and instantly conveyed on board, he spoke not

while in the boat, though his danger had completely sobered him; but the moment he leaped on deck, fell on his knees, and returned thanks to the Providence who had so protected him, and what is most singular, from that moment to the time I am writing, has never been seen the least intoxicated, nor has been heard to utter a single oath. If ever there was a perfectly reformed being in the universe, Campbell is the man.

#### DANGER OF ATHEISM.

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The infidel wife seldom has any idea of her duties; she spends her days either in reasoning on virtue without practising its precepts, or in the tumultuous pleasures of the world. But the day of vengeance approaches: Time arrives, leading age by the hand. The sceptre, with silver hair and icy hands, plants himself on the threshold of the female atheist; she perceives him and shrieks aloud. Who now shall hear her voice? her husband? none; long since has he withdrawn from the theatre of his dishonor. Her children ruined by an impious education, and by maternal example, they concern themselves not about their mother. If she surveys the past, she beholds a pathless waste; her virtues have left no traces behind them. For the first time she begins to be sensible how much more consolatory it would have been to have religion. Unavailing regret! When the atheist, at the end of his career, discovers the delusions of a false philosophy; when annihilation, like an appalling meteor, begins to appear above the horizon of death, he would fain return to God: but it is too late; the mind, hardened by incredulity, rejects all conviction. How different is the lot of the religious woman!—her days are replete with joy; she is respected, beloved by her husband, her children, her household; all place unbounded confidence in her, because they are firmly convinced of the fidelity of one who is faithful to her God. The faith of this christian is strengthened by her happiness, and her happiness by her faith; she believes in God because she is happy and she is happy becauses she believes in God.

Debts.—Dr. Johnson says, that "small debts are like small shot," they are rattling on every side, and can scarcely be escaped without a wound. Great debts are like cannon, of loud noise but little danger.

#### NECESSITY OF A RELIGIOUS LIFE.

Begin and end every day with God. Let prayer be the key to open the heart to God in the morning, and lock it against all its enemies at night. Let no christian say he cannot pray: for prayer is as necessary to him as breath. Let none say, they have not time for prayer: better take time from sleep than want time for prayer. Think it not enough to say your prayers; but mind you must pray your prayers-pray with sincerity Think with yourself this morning may be and fervour. my last morning, or this night my last night; for certainly that morning cometh of which you will never see the night; or that night of which you will never see the Let the conclusion of every day put you in morning. mind of the conclusion of all your days, by the long night of death, which will put an end to all your work, and bring you to count and reekon with your great Master about your work. O! to lie down every night, recon-. ciled with him! O! that we could lie down and leave our hearts with Christ! and compose our spirits so, as if we were not to awake till the Heavens are no more! -seeing none knoweth what a day may bring forth, spend every day as if it were to be your last. Look on yourself as standing every day at the door of eternity, and hundreds of diseases and accidents ready to open the door to let you in. No doubt you have sometime apprehended yourself nearer death than you think yourself just now; yet, it is certain, death and judgment were never so near you as they are at present.

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We, who stand every hour at the door of eternity, should spend our precious hours with the greatest frugality, seeing the work we have in hand is soul work, and work on which eternity depends; and the time we have to work it in is very short, and cannot be recalled. This life being only a passage to eternity, should be spent as continual preparation for eternity. Surely those who have immortal souls so near eternity, have other work to do, than trifle away time in tippling, idle

talking, gaming, and such diversions.

Sojourn in this world as travellers keeping so loose from the world, as to be able to pack up and begone from

it, upon short warning. We have no continuing city or certain abode here; therefore let us all be ready to arise and depart; and if we should be right travellers towards Zion above, we must have Christ in our hearts, heaven in our eye and the world under our feet. must take God's spirit for our guide-God's word for our rule—God's glory for our end—God's fear for our guard—God's people for our companions—God's praise for our recreations—and God's promises for our cordials. We must make religion our business—prayer our delight -holiness our way, and Heaven our home. O, Zion's travellers! distinguish yourselves from the men that dwell upon the earth !- let Christ always be precious to you, the word sweet, sin bitter, the world a wilderness, and death welcome. Let Christ's will be your will-Christ's dishonor your afflictions—Christ's course your joy-Christ's day your delight-Christ's sufferings your meditations,—Christ's wound your refuge—Christ's blood your balm-Christ's righteousness your clothing, and Christ's presence your heaven. - While travelling here, let your hearts burn with love to Christ; love to think of Christ, love to hear of Christ, love to read of Christ, love to speak of Christ; love to speak for Christ!

# LIFE.

When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire forsakes me; when I meet with the grief of parents upon the tomb stone, my heart melts with compassion—when I see the tombs of the parents themselves, I feel how vain it is to mourn for those whom we must quickly follow; when I behold rival kings lying side by side, or the holy men who divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the frivolous competetions, factions and debates of mankind; when I read the several dates of the tombs, of some who died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I am reminded of that day when mankind will be contemporaries, and make their appearance together.

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Does that rose look so gay only to mock my faded form? I will turn from its beauties, while it remains the symbol of what I once was—and wait for the hour of evening, when it shall become the emblem of what I now am. The venerable oak which stretches forth its bare limbs, whereon no verdure sprouts, and in whose rugged trunk vegetation has lost its powers, soothes my wounded heart .- But that tree was long the glory of the plain—a whole age or more conducted it to a slow maturity; and a long course of years had glided over its decay—while I have scarce attained the hour of vernal bloom, when I feel my approaching end, and a moment beholds me perish.—But why should I complain?—My life has been without a fault—and that I die for love cannot be imputed to me by that just being who gave me such a tender heart, and clothed celestial virtue in the form of Horatio.—I love heaven in him, and am going to an eternal anticipation of it with him—His form is mouldering away-but what of that?-our souls are still united; and my dust shall mingle with his.—The cypress which rises beside his grave will soon cast its shadow over mine.—Ye ever honoured authors of my being !- ye tender guardians of my infancy-ye faithful friends of my youth-regret me not-ye will soon see me no more; but I shall be happy.—It seems as if Horatio's spirit waited impatiently for mine. Does a disordered fancy decieve me? or is he not on yonder cloud?-He seems to chide my delay.-I come Horatio-be not impatient-Nature will soon release me—the bands are loosing which tie me to the world—one sigh more, and I am thine forever!

#### A FRAGMENT.

\* \* \* \* \* \* In the sheltering grave the wo fraught heart will be at ease; the clouds of anguish which darken life's short day pervades not that still retreat. The poisonous breath of calumny and the invenomed tongue of envy, here lose their corroding influence.—The sympathetic mind agonized by distress, unable to support the storm of ill fortune, sinks calmly into the embrace of death, into the placid enjoyment of uninterrupted tranquility. Oppressed virtue finds a secure asylum from overbearing greatness; and the upbraiding charity of proud opu-lence is no longer painful to its object The distinction of society, which consign merit to oblivion and raise the worthless from the dust, are here forgotten. Unfeeling pride is disrobed of its splendid covering, and the gorgeous mantle is torn from the undeserving. Humble worth ceases to kneel suppliant at the feet of affluence, the lorn offspring of poverty fails to entreat from avarice the stinted boon.—The victim of malevolence, who essays in vain to parry the thrusts of unmerited obloquy, glad that in death the dagger of contumely wounds not, welcomes with joyous aspect the closing period.

### TIGER FIGHT.

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In India, tiger fights are by no means unfrequent. A square of fifty feet is fenced off with Bamboo lattice work, several feet high, in order to prevent the animal from leaping among the people, which has sometimes taken place. The tiger is placed in a cage on one side of the square, and an immense crowd of spectators usually assemble outside the fence, impatiently waiting for the fight. Upon a given signal, the tiger is driven back into the area by fire works. In a combat of this sort, described by a recent traveller, a buffalo was first let in against the tiger: both animals appeared equally reluctant to engage and watched each other most attentively. The tiger was again compelled to move by the fireworks, and the buffalo advanced two or three steps, on which the tiger again crouched. A dog was next thrown in, but the tiger seemed unwilling to attack even him. An elephant was next sent into the square, when the tiger retreating, uttered a cry of terror, and in despair he attempted to leap over the fence, but failed. The elephant approaching by direction of his rider, attempted to throw himself on his knees upon the tiger, but he avoided this danger. The elephant in his turn became alarmed, and no exertion of his rider could induce him to repeat the attack; but advancing to the gate, he soon made a passage through it, to the terror of the spectators. The poor tiger however, lay panting on the ground, without attempting to profit by the opportunity to escape. A second elephant was now turned in, but he proved as unsuccessful as the former-one. The tiger at length facing his adversary, sprung upon his forehead, where he hung for some seconds, till the elephant collecting all his might, with a violent jerk dashed him to the ground, where he lay unable to The conqueror was satisfied with his victory, and turnrise. ing quickly round he rushed towards the fence, with his tusks lifted up, and raised the whole frame work, together with some persons who had climbed upon it. A scene of terror and confusion now followed not to be described; the elephant, however, made his way through without injuring any person, and the tiger was too much exhausted to follow him.

HUMAN LIFE ESTIMATED BY PULSATIONS—An ingenious author asserts that the length of a man's life is estimated by the number of pulsations he has strength to perform, thus allowing seventy years for the common age of man, and sixty pulses in a minute, for the common measure of pulses in a temperate person, the number of pulsations in his whole life would amount to 2,297,520,000: but if by intemperance he forces his blood into a more rapid circulation, so as to give seventy-five pulses in a minute, the same number of pulses would be completed in fifty-six years, consequently his life would be reduced fourteen years.

Absence destroys weak passions, but increases strong ones, as the wind extinguishes a candle but blows up a fire.

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## WOMAN.

In every character Woman is interesting, though not always amiable. We may not love, but we must admire, Whether as the venerable matron or the blooming maid, the chaste wife or tender relation, old or young, married or unmarried, virtuous or vicious—still she will command our admiration and influence our actions.

Who, then, can be ashamed to pay homage to a virtuous woman? She is the purest abstract of Deity that can be found in all his works. She is the image of love, purity, and truth; and she lives and moves in all who possess virtuous innocence.

Woman ever has been, still is, and always will be, the main spring of every masculine achievement—her influence is felt by all, from the hero to the clown, from the man to the stripling; and whether she fire a Troy, or excite emulation at a game of marbles; whether she influence a court, or rule in a dairy, the end, cause, and effect, are still the same. We may talk of patriotism—we may prate of fame—but who could feel the one, or seek the other, but for the sake of woman?

Woman! still more interesting when we contemplate hernight and day, watching by the pillow of a friend, administering the healing balm, sustaining the drooping head on her sympathising bosom, and wiping the clammy dews of death from sunken cheeks—it is in such a scene lovely Woman shines unrivalled and constrains man to pay the homage due to angles of humanity.

#### THE DEAD ALIVE.

Many who were personally acquainted with the late Professor Junker frequently heard him relate the following:

Being professor of anatomy, he once procured, for dissection the bodies of two criminals who had been hanged. The key of the dissecting room not being immediately at hand when they were brought home to him, he ordered them to be laid down in an apartment which opened into his bed-chamber. The evening came, and Junker, according to custom, proceeded to resume his literary labours before he retired to rest. It was now near midnight, and all his family were fast asleep, when he heard a rumbling noise in his closet. Thinking that by some mistake the cat had been shut up with the dead bodies, he rose, and taking the candle, he went to see what had happened. But what must have been his astonishment, or rather his panic, on perceiving that the sack, which contained the two bodies, was rent thro' the middle. He approached and found that one of them was gone.

The doors and windows were all secured, and that the body

could have been stolen, he thought impossible. He tremblingly looked round the closet, and found the dead man seated in a corner.

Junker stood for a moment motionless; the dead man seemed to look towards him; he moved both to the right and the left, but the dead man still kept his eyes on him.

The professor then retired, step by step with his eye still fixed on the object of his alarm, and holding the candle in his hand until he reached the door. The dead man instantly started up and followed him. A figure of so hideous an appearance, naked & in motion, the lateness of the hour, the deep silence which prevailed; every thing concurred to overwhelm him with confusion. He let fall the candle which was burning, and all was darkness. He made his escape to his apartment, and threw himself on his bed: thither however he was followed; and he soon found the dead man embracing his legs, and loudly sobbing.—Repeated cries of "leave me!—leave me!" released Junker from the grasp of the dead man, who now exclaimed, "Ah! good executioner, good executioner, have mercy upon me!"

Junker soon perceived the cause of what had happened, and resumed his fortitude. He informed the re-animated sufferer who he really was, and made a motion to call up some of his family. You then wish to destroy me exclaimed the criminal. "If you call up any one, my adventure will become public, and I shall be taken and executed a second time. In the name of hu-

manity, I implore you to save my life.

The physician struck a light, decorated his guest with an old night gown, and having made him take of a cordial, requested to know what had brought him to the gibbet. "It would have been a truly singular exhibition (observed Junker,) to have seen me at that late hour in a tete-a-tete with a dead man, decked out in an old night gown."

The poor wretch informed him, that he had enlisted as a soldier but that having no great attachment to the profession, he had determined to desert: and that he had entrusted his secret to a crimp, a fellow of no principle, who recommended him to a woman, in whose house he was to remain concealed; that this woman discovered his retreat to the police, &c.

Junker was extremely perplexed how to save this poor man. It was impossible to retain him in his own house, and keep the affair, a secret, and to turn him out of doors, was to expose him to certain destruction. He resolved to conduct him out of the city, in order that he might get into a foreign jurisdiction; but it was necessary to pass the gates, which were strictly guarded. To accomplish this point, he dressed him up in some of his old clothes, covered him with a cloak, and at a late hour set out for the country with his protege behind him. On arriving at the city gate, where he was well known, he said in a hurried note

that he had been sent for to visit a sick person in the suburbs who was dying. He was permitted to pass. Having got into the fields, the deserter threw himself at the feet of his deliverer, to whom he vowed eternal gratitude; and after receiving some pecuniary assistance, departed, offering up prayers for his happiness.

Twelve years after, Junker having occasion to go to Amsterdam, was accosted on the Exchange, by a man well dressed, and of the first appearance, who he had been informed was one of the most respectable merchants of that city. The merchant, in a polite tone, enquired whether he was Professor Junker of Halle; and being answered in the affirmative he requsted in an earnest manner, his company to dinner. The professor consented. Having reached the merchant's house, he was shewn into an elegant apartment where he found a beautful wife, and two fine healthy children; but he could scarcly suppress his astonishment at meeting so cordial a reception from a family, with whom, he thought, he was entirely unacquainted.

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After dinner, the merchant, taking him into his countingroom, said "You do not recollect me?" "Not at all." "But I
well recollect you and never shall your features be erased from
my remembrance. You are my benefactor; I am the person
who came to life in your closet, and to whom you paid so much
attention. On parting from you I took the road to Holland.
I wrote a good hand; was tolerably good at accounts; my figure was quite interesting; and I soon obtained employment as
a merchant's clerk. My good conduct, and my zeal for the interest of my patron, procured me his confidence, and his daughter's love. On his retiring from business, I succeeded him and
became his son-in-law. But for you, however, I should not
have lived to experience all these enjoyments. Henceforth look
upon my house, my fortune, and myself as at your disposal."—
Those who possess the smallest portion of sensibility, can easily
represent to themselves the feelings of Junker.

# THE MISSIONARIES FAREWELL.

LAND where the bones of our father's are sleeping!
Land where our dear one's and fond one's are weeping!
Land where the light of Jehovah is shining,
We leave thee lamenting, but not with repining.
Dark is our path o'er the dark rolling ocean;
Dark are our hearts;—but the fire of devotion
Kindles within;—and a far distant nation
Shall hear from our lips the glad song of Salvation!
Hail to the land of our toils and our sorrows,
Land of our rest!—when a few more to-morrow's
Pass o'er our heads, we will seek our cold pillows,
And rest in our graves, far away o'er the billows!

FOR THE MISCELLANEOUS MAGAZINE.

# The Selector---No. II.

## DEATH.

Were death a rare and uncommon object, were it only once in the course of a man's life that he beheld one of his fellow-creatures carried to the grave, a solemn awe would fill him; he would stop short in the midst of his pleasures: he would even be chilled with secret horror. Such impressions, however would prove unsuitable to the nature of our present state. When they became so strong as to render men unfit for the ordinary business of life they would in a great measure defeat the intention of our being placed in this world. It is better ordered by the wisdom of Providence, that they should be weakened by the frequency of their recurrence; and so tempered by the mixture of other passions, as to allow us to go on freely in acting our parts on earth.

Yet, familiar as death is now become, it ought not to be passed over, as one of those common incidents which are beheld without concern, and awaken no reflection. There are many things which the funerals of our fellow-creatures are calculated to teach; and happy it were for the gay and dissipated, if they would listen more frequently to the instruction of so awful a monitor.

# THE FUNERAL.

When we observe the funerals along the streets, or when we walk among the monuments of death, the first thing that naturally stikes us is the undistinguishing blow with which that common enemy levels all. We behold a great promiscuous multitude all carried to the same abode, all lodged in the same dark and silent mansions. There mingle persons of every age and character, of every rank and condition in life; the young and the old, the poor and the rich, the gay and the grave, the renowned and the ignoble. A few weeks ago, most of those whom we have seen carried to the grave walked about as we do now on the earth: enjoyed their friends, beheld the light of the sun, and were forming designs for future days. Perhaps it is

not long since they were engaged in scenes of high festivity. For them, perhaps the cheerful company assembled and in the midst of the circle they shone with gay and pleasing vivacity. But now—to them, all is finally closed. To them no more shall the seasons return, or the sun rise. No more shall they hear the voice of mirth, or behold the face of man. They are swept from the universe as though they had never been. They are carried away as with a flood: the wind has passed over them and they are gone.

## THE TOMB.

A tomb, it has been justly said, is a monument situated on the confines of both worlds. It at once, presents to us the termination of the inquietudes of life, and sets before us the image of eternal rest—There, in the elegant expressions of Job, the wicked cease from troubling: and there the weary be at rest. There the prisoners rest together; they hear not the voice of the oppressor. The small and the great are there; and the servant is free from his master. It is very remarkable, that in all languages, and among all nations, death has been described in a style of this kind, expressed by figures of speech, which convey every where the same idea of rest, or sleep, or retreat from the evils of life. Such a style perfectly agrees with the general belief of the souls immortality; but assuredly conveys no high idea of the boasted pleasures of the world. It shews how much all mankind have felt this life to be a scene of trouble and care; and have agreed in opinion, that perfect rest is to be expected only in the grave.

## THE MOURNER.

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While the funeral is attended by a numerous, unconcerned company who are discoursing to one another about the news of the day or the ordinary affairs of life, let our thoughts rather follow to the house of mourning, and represent to themselves what is going on there. There we would see a disconsolate family, sitting in silent grief thinking of the sad breach that is made in their little society; and with tears in their eyes, looking to the chamber that is now left vacant, and to every memorial that presents itself of their departed friend. By such attention to the woes of others, the selfish hardness of our hearts will be gradually softened, and melted down into humanity.

[FOR THE MISCELLANEOUS MAGAZINE.]

## REFLECTIONS ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

The death of the true Christian is the most interesting, the most solemn scene that can fall beneath our notice. his spirit leaves this frail tenement of clay in which it is imprisoned, to join that happy number which surrounds the throne above, to add another voice to the anthems of praise "to Him who sitteth upon the throne," myriads of angelic beings doubtless fly from the eternal courts of Heaven to be his happy On his admission, how do the empyrean vaults resound with Hallelujah's for the accession of another inhabitant in the realms of glory! What songs of triumph burst from each harmonious tongue, while the praises of the Redeemer ring through those mansions of bliss! I shall never forget the death of my dear friend W—. He left this world without a struggle or a groan.—Sleeping sweetly on the bosom of Jesus, just as the sun arose—a lovely morning; it seemed as tho' the Angel band could almost be seen hovering around the departed spirit, while winging its way to an eternal world. 'Tis true we mourn his loss, but reason dictates better things—He has only exchanged this low world of pain and woe, for a mansion of unfading bliss eternal in the Heavens. A few more revolving suns at most will reunite us foreyer, to part no more. Oh, my soul, of what moment art thou! When this frail body is mouldered to dust, and my name remembered no more among the children of men, thou, clothed with life and immortality, will be basking in the golden sun-beams of pleasure, in the permanent regions of eternal glory.

"The stars shall fade away, the sun himself Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years, But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth, Unhurt amid the war of elements, The wreck of matter and the crush of worlds."

Happy thrice happy is the Cristians lot.—He having bid farewell to all earthly things, with an extacy of joy, will arise bearing the palms of a glorious victory, and salute the first dawn of an everlasting morning, safely landed on the happy shores of a blissful eternity, where

"Flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul." MONITOR.

Vain men may value themselves upon their speculative knowledge, right opinions, and true and orthodox belief separate from the practice of virtue and righteousness; but as sure as the Gospel is true, no belief whatever shall finally be of any advantage to men, any otherwise than only so far as it corrects their practice, hinders them from being workers of iniquity, and makes them like unto God.

Dr. Clarke.

# MONTHLY REGISTER OF NEWS.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

From Europe—Our advices still remain without much interest. The campaign in Greece had opened; but the results of the first rencountres of the hostile forces, altho' reported to be favorable to the Greeks, do not appear by any means to be decisive of the campaign.

We hear nothing farther of the bombardment of Algiers—Affairs in Portugal appear to be quietly settling down, the Infant, or Prince Regent, having gone on a tour through France and Germany, a sort of banishment from his native country.

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The general aspect of affairs with respect to the most powerful states in Europe is settled peace; and altho'political speculators and news-makers now and then give currence to rumors of intensions on the part of Russia to interfere in the affairs of South America on behalf of Spain—but few few among intelligent observers of the policy and dispositions of kingdoms or states, give credit to the tales.

In Peru the only part of South-America, where the Spanish cause has any support, recent accounts state, that the party in favour of independence has again met with success, and that the cause of the royalists is once more on the wane.

#### DOMESTIC.

In Domestic concerns, we can say but little in addition to our last months report. In the middle states so far, the season has been pleasant—rather cool and wet for Indian Corn—but fine for wheat, rye, oats, grass and potatoes. Our principal cities remain healthy, save Charleston and New-Orleans, from which of late, some reports of the Yellow Fever begin to circulate. In the country, chills and fevers, bilious attacks, and dysentery have made their appearance, especially among those who were subjects of these complaints during the preceeding season.

Of Public Affairs the Presidential canvass still holds the first rank among the objects of general attention; but the heat of debate seems at present somewhat abated by the presence of the Marquis de La Fayette, who arrived at New-York from France on the 15th inst. and who has gone eastward to Boston, hailed by the acclamations of the people as he passes along from village to village, and in the large towns complimented with military parades, processions, illuminations, feasts and addresses.

Useful Emigrants.—The ship Boston, Captain Finley, which arrived at Alexandria, (D. C.) on Saturday last, from Havre; brought out 119 men, women and children, comprising 19 families, from Bern, one of the cantons of Switzerland. They are chiefly mechanics and farmers, and both men and women seem to have been well inured to hardships.

## SOMETHING NEW!!

By the ship Good Huntress, which arrived at New-York on the 27th of April last, from Calcutta, there came out an intelligent gentleman, who had resided for the last 14 years in that country. He brings the information, and assures us, upon his veracity, that it may be relied on, that in Belan-poor a considerable town not far from the sea coast, the Brahmins, or priests of the country were forming societies for the purpose of appointing Missionaries to America, with a view to the improvement of the religion and morals of our inhabitants.—[Village Record.

While engaged in commercial business at Belan-poor, where he was detained more than three months, and where his peculiar situation gave him opportunity to know every important measure which was in progress, he saw and read a number of addresses, which had been published by the Brahmins to the people, stating the moral degradation of the inhabitants of America, and earnestly and pathetically calling for donations, to enable them to accomplish the great Missionary objects which they had in contemplation.

Having some knowledge of the native language of the Hindostan, has translated one of those addresses in as clear a manuer as he was able, and gave it to Mr L. Georges, a respectable merchant at 307 Pine street. To the politeness of this latter gentleman, I am indebted for the following copy which I persuade myself will be acceptable to the readers of the Village Record.

"To the inhabitants of Belan-poor, whom God hath blessed with the true knowledge of his will, with benevolent feelings for the whole human race, and with abundance to accomplish the objects which their benevolence may design.

"Deeply impressed with a sense of duty—feeling for the lost and degraded situation of our fellow men—our minds have been drawn by pity and affection, to the deep and painful considerations of their unhappy situation. The intercourse which has been opened with the people of North-America, has given to us the means of knowing the situation of that unfortunate people. We are assured from sources which leave us no room to doubt the truth of the statement, that there are more than 1,500,000 of our fellow men who are held in the most deplorable bondage. Indeed, so absolute and degrading is the servitude in which they are held, that they are sold like cattle or goods, at auction-often chained together and driven under the whip of an overseer; not only without the kindness and respect which is due from man, to man, but with every mark of degradation which can be applied to the brute creation; sometimes when from the kindness of a master, the natural affections, which spring spontaneous in the human soul, shall have bound two hearts together in the bonds of mutual regard, by the endearing ties of Husband and Wife, when these shall have become surrounded by an offspring dear to their hearts it has frequently been known on the demise of their ancient master, and the accession of a new one (Oh, ye sons of Belan-poor! how will your bosoms swell with pity and with anger at the shameful, but veracious asseveration,) the family of love is broken up; the children rent from the bosom of their mother; their heart rending and piteous cries unheeded—the husband and the wife torn assunder by the ruthless hand of unfeeling avariee, and sold to different masters! Their entreaties meeting only with cold neglect; their remonstrances deemed presumptuous and replied to by the blood reeking scourge! Alas! in what darkness; in what alienation from the divine will; in what fearful moral destitution, must this people—these miserable slaves, and the unfortunate masters, be sunk.

"Considering the blindness and infatuation of this people, we have felt it our bounden duty to send out among them a number of our intelligent and benevolent men—to endeavor to spread among them the light of humanity and

justice, to endeavor to arouse them to a sense of the enormity of their crimes—to stay the hand of the oppressor, and to bind up the wounds of the oppressed. To enable us to do this, we hambly, respectfully, but urgently, ask your aid; from the rich abundance with which you are blessed, enough may be given without the least embarrassment, to carry light to thousands of those benighted masters, and to carry consolation to tens of thousands of their unfortunate slaves."

The above is a faithful translation of one of the addresses alluded to. I am also indebted to Mr Georges for translations of several of the Brahminical addresses, which I shall forward in due time.



A LARGE FAMILY.—Michael Isrig, aged 71, and Barbara his wife, aged 70, now living in Ohio, are the progenitors of the following family—their own children were 17, grand children 106, great grand children 86—total 159. If to this number we add themselves 2, the persons to whom their children were married 11, and the husbands or wives of their grand children 12, the aggregate is 187 persons. With such emigrants as Isrig the population of Ohio must increase most rapidly.

Velocity of Sound.—Some interesting experiments have been made in Holland, to ascertain the velocity of sound. By determining the interval, by means of clocks with conical pendulums, between the flash and report of a gun, at stations which were 9,964 feet apart, it was ascertained, that, at the temperature of 32 degrees, the velocity of sound is 10,897 feet per second.

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A company is forming in London to establish a Steam-Boat communication between Great Britain and the United States. Our countryman Perkins, is of opinion that the project is practicable, and the passage could be made within twelve days.—CENTINEL.

We have often wondered how it is possible that a physician who sees in the human frame so many wonderful marks, not only of design, but of wisdom, power, and goodness, and who is so often reminded of the trasitory nature of earthly existence, can help being deeply impressed with a sense of religious obligation. -The ingenious arrangement and exact balance of the various muscles—the inscrutable operations which are constantly going on in the stomach and alimentary canal,—the heart and arteries impelling the vital fluid to every part of the body, and the veins accompaying the arteries to receive the refluent blood, and convev it back to the heart,-the brain deriving nervous power from the blood thrown to it by the heart, and the heart continuing its motion by the nervous influence which it derives from the brain-all proclaim in language no infidel can resist, the existence and wisdom of the great Designer. Surely it seems to us that "an undevout anatomist is mad!"- Boston Med. Int.

What is wedded happiness made of ?—Mutual ferbearance, tenderness and respect. Is it dear?—It cannot be dear at any price!

The most happy women, are those who are married to sensible men—for the latter suffer themselves to be governed, with so much the more pleasure as they are always masters of themselves.